The Sketch

No. 2537—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

STAR OF "RISE ABOVE IT" WITH DAUGHTER PAULINE.

This dual portrait catches charmingly the likeness between HERMIONE BADDELEY *and her fourteen-year-old daughter* PAULINE, *child of her first marriage to the Hon. David Tennant. The star has given one of the most brilliant performances of her career in the First Edition of that first-rate satirical revue "Rise Above It," at the Comedy; and the Second Edition is due to open at the same theatre, with the same cast but with fresh items, on December 20. It is just a year since Miss Baddeley married, as her second husband, Major J. H. Willis, M.C., of the 12th Royal Lancers.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Wassail and All That. What! Another Christmas! But we 've only just finished the last one! It is extraordinary how the thing haunts one—it seems to have been pursuing me all my life! Now—I ask any fair-minded person—what can a God-fearing, hard-working journalist possibly say about Christmas which has not been said already by some other Thinker? Or which, for the matter of that, has not been said already by himself? I *did* have a fleeting idea of breaking fresh ground by saying something about St. Stephen and his Feast, but then I realised that I was mixing up St. Stephen with St. Sebastian, and that while I knew something about St. Sebastian's connection with arrows, I knew nothing about St. Stephen's connection with Christmas. We will therefore drop the subject of St. Stephen. It 's curious how rusty one's hagiology becomes.

Delayed in Transit. You will probably expect me to say something about Santa Claus, but, in my opinion, the less said about him the better. He is having his trials, and, I dare say, would like to be left in temporary retirement. I have great confidence in his powers of recuperation. Although his ruddy optimism (and I speak in a purely complexionary sense) might be a little difficult to bear at this present juncture, I doubt not that he will bob up again some day, as breezy and irrepressible as ever, for he is certainly a tough old gentleman. Age cannot wither him, though I am not so sure about custom not staling his infinite variety. At the moment, his chief problem is neither lack of good will nor loss of popularity, but difficulties of transport. Sledges have now ceased to be manufactured, as the sledge factories are making tanks (now, I wonder if the Censor will pass that?); and reindeer are, of course, rationed. I don't like the idea of the old boy, at his time of life, running round in a tank, and anyhow, I don't suppose he could get a Priority from the Ministry.

"Someone told him the fairies would put it in the bottle during the night!"

DRAWN BY ROGER K. FURSE.

Staying Put. Transport difficulties face us all. It may or may not be a gnawing grief to you, but I am afraid Aunt Emily and Uncle Ethelbert will not be able to visit you this year. They live (in case you have forgotten) up in Northumberland, and if they set forth in Christmas week, they *may* reach you in time for New Year, but it is doubtful. Well, you must just be brave about it; you must, as your contribution to the war effort, just do without Uncle Ethelbert's rib-tickling wisecracks about his false teeth when he bites the button in the pudding. This year Uncle Tom has got to be bright and bonhomous in his own family circle, God bless him and help them!

More brains and quicker, fewer trains and slower, is the watchword. There is a good reason for it, I doubt not. I always regarded the railways, like the police and the British Constitution, as something in which one had childlike faith—until I read, not long ago, a speech by a noble lord in Another Place, which charged the British railways with "unpunctuality and inefficiency" for many a long day past, and, among other things, with wasting about three million tons of coal a year. I know not how the truth may be, but it is distressing when idol after idol totters on its base—and meanwhile, I could do with a bit of that coal.

Till the Cows Come Home. I could also do with a drop more milk. I never thought that I should be reduced to asking Father Christmas for a pint of milk—and it is not a very easy thing to put in a Christmas stocking, anyhow—but if he is doing any business at all, I beg him to become milk-minded. I am no milk-addict; I hate to see grown men, as the fashion now is, wallowing in milk and turning themselves into animated cheeses; but I confess that milkless tea is, to me, one of the greatest hardships of war. What I have long feared seems to have happened—the cows have gone on a sit-down strike. I suspect the hand of Mr. John L. Lewis behind it all, and I should like to invoke Mr. Roosevelt to settle the matter and, if necessary, call out troops. Our abject dependence on the cow has always struck me as one of the weakest points in our economic system. Or (risking the Censor again) is it that they are making munitions out of milk? They make umbrella handles out of it, and, for all I know, they make aeroplanes out of it. Anyhow, I give notice that I am deficient in proteids and in serious danger of rickets. As for my cat, who has been consistently unpatriotic, he makes no secret of his discontent and is all for appeasement.

Yes, We Have No Carrots. And let me say at once that when the mad craving for milk gnaws my vitals, it is no use trying to fob me off with a carrot. I see that we are going to have another carrot campaign, and that we are all going to be exhorted and entertained by Doctor Carrot, who is going to be even wiser and merrier than Billy Brown of London Town. Well, the Doctor can please count me out, because I don't like his bedside manner, nor his tableside manner either. Not that I deny the virtues of this vegetable—but then, I recognise the virtues of quite a number of human beings whom I thoroughly dislike. In official circles, however, the extraordinary value of the carrot can scarcely be exaggerated. Just try to buy a consignment of "washed carrots." You will have to fill in twelve different forms. A wholesaler reports that recently, in order to sell 130 bags of carrots, he had to fill up 49 forms, of six different colours. The rainbow effect is particularly charming—and how gratifying it is to know that Lord Beaverbrook can spare all this paper from munitions! Who says we are not as "thorough" as the Germans? Think of all the care and labour expended on devising the delicate nuances of those forms! This is "war work"—and, of course, "indispensable."

The Starch Crisis.

Another commodity which seems to loom large in national affairs at present is starch. My chemical knowledge of starch is regrettably small; I associate it chiefly with shirts and potatoes; the doctors talk a lot about it, and it is apparently a substance which needs care and tact, because it is just as bad for you to have too much of it in your diet as too little of it in your collar. At this crisis in our history, starch is causing the Government profound anxiety and taxing the fertile brains of the Ministry of Food to the utmost. Recently I had some humble observations to offer on the burning question of Blancmange—one of the munitions of war for which another Controller has lately been appointed. A well-informed correspondent writes me that I have only touched the fringe of this soulful subject, and he sends me a very wonderful document, for which I am most grateful, intituled "The Starch Food Powders (Control) Order, 1941."

Powder and Shot. Let me not attempt—since life is short—to explain the official distinctions between blancmange powder, cornflour and custard powder, nor the majestic terminology about starch, farinaceous ingredients, blended and pre-packed preparations, and other beauties of language and logic. For many weeks, at the expense of vast quantities of paper (six copies of everything), the entire brain-power of the Administration, including four or five Divisions of the Ministry, Associations of Manufacturers and innumerable Committees, has been concentrated on the definition of custard powder. It has at last "found a formula" which, as I read the Order, means that custard powder is a starch powder which will make "custard, custard pudding or any similar product." I could have told them that myself,

except that I should have added that whether any particular yellow substance (with or without lumps) does or does not amount to custard, custard pudding or any similar product is a very delicate matter of personal opinion. But now the real problem arises—*how much* starch must your custard powder contain? Again the Brains Trust has cerebrated, and has said 80 per cent. My expert correspondent informs me that this means that the custard powder is robbed of all proteins and other food values and, though useful in the laundry, is valueless in the kitchen. If there is only 79 per cent. of starch, the powder must be called "substitute"—otherwise prison or an unlimited fine. Good old starch, good old war, and good old Whitehall!

A1 at Lloyd's. We are, as a nation, notoriously careless about scientific nourishment, and I suspect that the vast majority of Englishmen have never given a thought to the amount of starch in their food; yet it is remarkable how well their "unbalanced diet" seems to have agreed with them. I thought, Dr. Goebbels, that we were a decadent nation, physically on our last legs? In that case, it seems odd that eight out of every ten men medically examined for the Army—taking an average over all the age groups—have been found fit for military service, and a remarkably high percentage have qualified for Grade 1. From age 18 to 25, Grade 1 varies between 78 per cent. and 72 per cent., and from 35 to 40 it varies between 52 per cent. and 37 per cent. Our medical examination is stiff, and you have to be a thoroughly fit man to get into Grade 1, especially as a comparatively slight defect of feet or eyes may put you down a grade. For the Navy and the Air Force the requirements are even higher, but I have not heard that our airmen and our sailors are a crowd of crocks, and they don't seem to behave as such. Sorry to disappoint you, Herr Doktor, but the process of decadence does not seem to have gone as far as it ought to have done, according to all scientific principles.

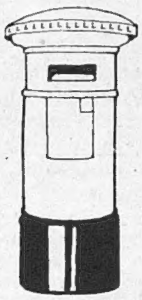
Queen and Ace. And I hope the same is true among the girls. The young women in blue or khaki whom I see about do not lead me to suppose that the womanhood of the nation is seriously on the decline. Indeed, I often ask myself how these damsels can perform a good deal of the hard labour which they are called upon to do, and I am quite sure that not many of their mothers and hardly any of their grandmothers would have been able to tackle it, without swoons and vapours. The standard being so high, we must offer almost awestricken congratulations to Miss Eileen Bishop, of Bridport, for triumphing over 24,999 competitors as the Ideal "Naffy" Girl. To shine above all others, in such a numerous and distinguished company, for "appearance, intelligence, self-confidence, technical knowledge, diction and manners" is indeed an All-Time High. Those who cannot aspire to the full measure of Miss Bishop's merits and charms need not despair, for I see that the country wants 100,000 ideal "grannies and aunties" as well as ideal "Naffies." They are needed to tend and foster the ideal infants in communal nurseries while the ideal mothers are away in the factories. Running right down the scale from the grandmas to the babes and sucklings, it looks as if this nation might become *non Angli, sed angeli.* But is there not a certain amount of sex-discrimination about all this? Nobody ever offers a prize for the Ideal Sergeant-Major or the Ideal Grandpa. What with one thing and another, we men don't seem to count for much.

Solomon Also Ran. Except, of course, that we always have our Sunday Brains Trust. It is interesting to see that it has been recruited by a Professor whom a Sunday paper describes—much, I am sure, to the Professor's own annoyance and amusement, for Professors are essentially modest men—as "the wisest man in the world." Well, the title has been monopolised for a long time by King Solomon, and it seems only right that some of us moderns should now be given a chance. It is also gratifying that while women are attaining the ideal in so many branches of public and private life, it should be open to men to compete as Ideal Oracles. I am not sure whether or not it brightens my Yuletide that the Brains Trust is going to give us a special session on Christmas afternoon. However, people have strange tastes for that Dog Watch—some even spend it in racking their brains over newspaper quizzes or questionnaires. Let us hope that shortage of paper has put an end to *that* sort of morbid self-torture, and that there will be a return, among men of good will, to the quiet and fruitful meditation for which Christmas afternoon was intended by an all-wise Providence.

Boys Will be Millionaires. I say it with reverence, but it seems to me that the Brains Trust does not always function with its maximum number of revs. per second; at all events, the answers I heard some Sundays ago, about juvenile crime, struck me as showing less than god-like knowledge of the subject. We have been hearing a lot about it lately, and we have the unanimous testimony of those who have to deal with the problem that if you give boys anything from three to six pounds a week to play about with, you are certainly going to have trouble, and then some. This whole business of wages baffles me. Did we not swear that we should never again tolerate the scandal of the last war—the civilian worker fattening and battening while the soldier (and his family) scraped along on a pittance? Another war comes, and we do precisely the same thing, only worse. Do we, or, for that matter, do any human beings, *ever* learn by experience? I often wonder!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Matins and Evensong have both got influenza. We are quite used to Matins' sudden disappearances as soon as the winter colds begin, but to be deprived of our beloved Evensong at the same time is cruel fortune, and I do think that housework in the morning black-out is one of the most disagreeable and unsatisfactory tasks I have ever been called upon to perform.

Charles, who is a man of method, always cuts his nails on Monday morning. He says that if you cut your nails on Monday morning and think of foxes, you get a present before the week is out, but he says that he'd cut them on Monday anyway, because these simple and irrefutable laws which he lays down for his daily life give him an inner sense of serenity in a world of chaos. So every Monday morning there is a neat little collection on the corner of his dressing-table, for Charles is not the sort of man to scatter nails all over the carpet. They are swept into the dust-pan by Matins and reverently cremated in the boiler fire.

Being a quick and dirty house-worker myself, when I was doing Charles's room this Monday I swept his nails into the palm of my hand and tossed them in a light-hearted manner out of the window, where they landed on Mrs. Savernack's hat.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Savernack," I said, leaning out.

"What was that?" said Mrs. Savernack, looking at the sky.

"Charles's nails, I'm afraid."

"What? I can't hear you."

"A twig, I expect, Mrs. Savernack," I said, suddenly regaining my nerve. "Do you want anything?"

"Yes. Would you like to be a nightingale?" said Mrs. Savernack.

I thought of my chores.

"Yes," I said, "I think I would. Would you?"

"I don't mean a real nightingale, Henrietta," said Mrs. Savernack in the exasperated voice she generally uses when she speaks to me. "I mean a Nightingale in a Toy Symphony."

"A fountain of water spurted into the air."

"Oh, *thank* you, Mrs. Savernack," I said. "I'd simply love to," for, indeed, to take part in a Toy Symphony has always been one of my ambitions.

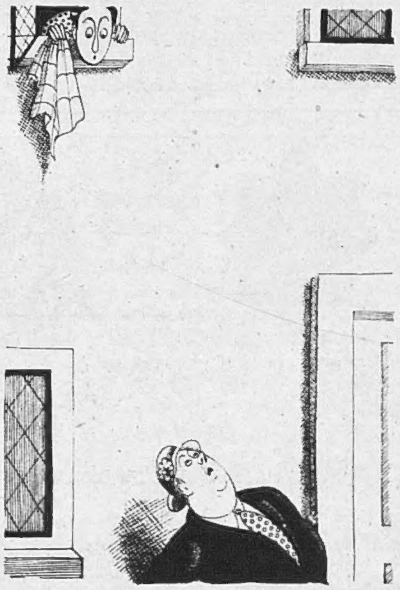
"All right," said Mrs. Savernack. "Two o'clock this afternoon at Faith's."

Leaving half the lunch things unwashed, I hurried off to Faith's house that afternoon. A frightful noise greeted me as I opened the drawing-room door. Colonel Simpkins, with a set expression on his face, was banging on a tin tray with a gong-stick. The Admiral was whirling a rattle. Mrs. Savernack, her face a dull purple, was blowing long, trembling blasts on a trumpet as though it were a hunting horn. Little Mrs. Simpkins was timidly hitting a triangle, and Lady B. was sitting in a corner, beating happily on a little drum which was slung round her neck on a string. The Conductor and Faith were taking it in turns to make cuckooing noises on a wooden pipe, and several violins and 'cellos were tuning up in various parts of the room.

"Now we'll begin," said the Conductor. "Here's your Nightingale, Henrietta," and he handed me a small metal cylinder with a pipe sticking out of one side. "It's quite easy—short blows for chirps and long ones for trills. Now, are you all ready? I'll count four in the bar, and we'll go right through to the end of the movement and see what happens. Thank you, Mrs. Whinebite."

Mrs. Whinebite led off with an invigorating melody on the piano, in which she was joined by the fiddles and 'cellos, and then, one by one, the toy instruments came in, some in the right place and some in the wrong. Colonel Simpkins, who had obviously lost control, thundered throughout the movement on his tray, and Faith, ignoring the score, cuckooed firmly on the first beat of each bar. Lady B. and Mrs. Savernack counted aloud and made sensational entrances from time to time. The triangle was inaudible.

I looked carefully at my music. As far as I could make out, the Nightingale sat silent for ninety-eight bars and then came in with two chirps and a trill which lasted until the end of the movement.



"'Charles's nails, I'm afraid.'"

Counting ninety-eight bars is not as easy as it sounds, and the sweat was standing in beads on my forehead before we got to the eighties. Ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two. The music was warming up and all the toy instruments, except the Nightingale, were going full steam ahead. "It all depends on me," I said to myself, and took a deep breath and blew. A fountain of water spurted into the air and fell, like an April shower, on me and my neighbours. With a crashing discord the movement came to an end.

"The lark now leaves its watery nest," said the Conductor, and handed me his handkerchief.

Faith said, "Henrietta, you beast, I'm drenched to the skin."

Mrs. Simpkins said, "My little stick keeps coming out of the opening in this triangle."

Lady B. said, "Isn't it fun?"

Colonel Simpkins said, "It's quite extraordinary what a lot of variations you can get out of a tray. Now listen——"

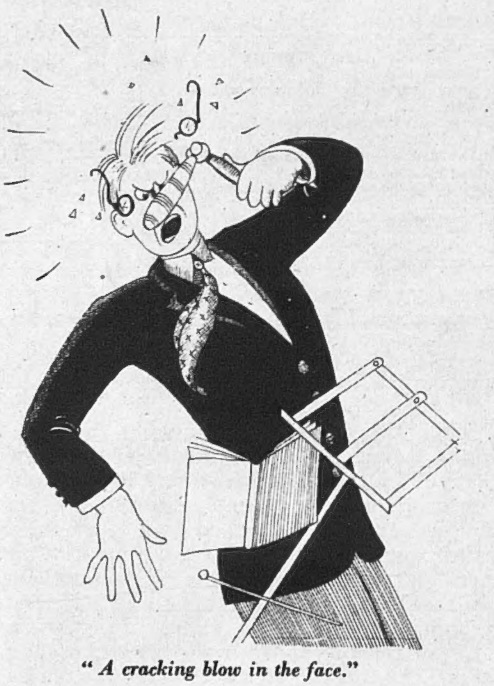
The Admiral said, "I'm not sure we ought to use a rattle. After all, it *is* the signal for gas."

I said, "Can anybody lend me a mackintosh?"

"Silence!" shouted the Conductor. "Now, that wasn't very good. We'll try again. Colonel, try and follow the music—you don't play *all* the time. Rattle, I want you shorter and sharper. Nightingale, you blow too hard; that's why the water comes out. Mrs. Simpkins, play your triangle up at the top. Trumpet, you were one bar ahead all through. Faith, darling, just watch me; I'll tell you where to come in. Now, from letter H."

"I said to the young man in the Food Office," said Mrs. Simpkins in a low voice, "'all I want to know is *where* do I show my Pink Form?'"

"Letter H, Triangle," said the Conductor severely.



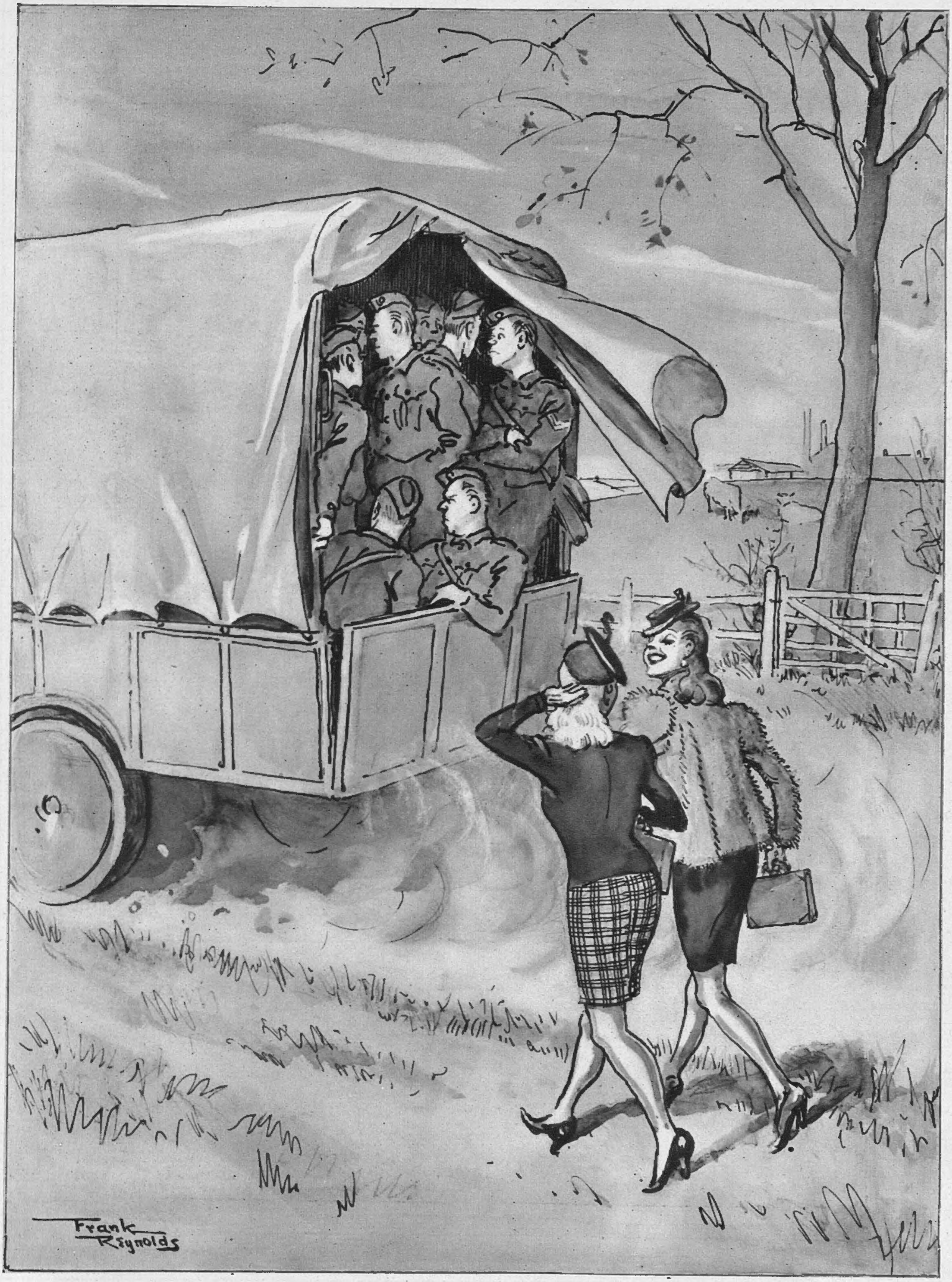
"A cracking blow in the face."

We started again. This time, in his efforts to be short and sharp, the Rattle hit himself on the nose, and there was considerable delay while a key was put down his back and he was taken to the bathroom. Then the Conductor took the rattle himself, and we started again.

The third time things went better. It was when we were at bar seventy-two that I noticed Charles's nail lying neatly on the brim of Mrs. Savernack's hat. I gazed at it, frozen with horror.

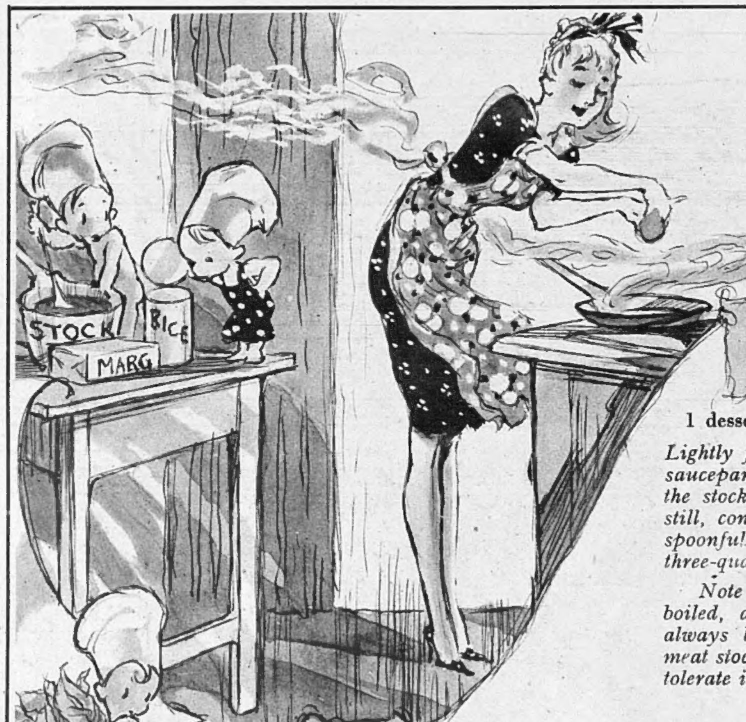
"Nightingale, Nightingale, you're dreaming!" yelled the Conductor, and hit himself a cracking blow in the face with the rattle, which broke his spectacles, and the rehearsal came to an end.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.



"WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



POTAGE DE TOMATES À L'AIL.

1 lb. tomatoes.	2 oz. rice.	2 medium-sized onions.
4 pints of stock.	1 carrot.	Salt.
1 dessertspoonful of margarine.	Sugar.	Garlic.

Lightly fry the chopped onions, break the tomatoes in half and put them in a saucepan with the onions. Leave to simmer on a very slow fire until soft. Add the stock—either water in which two Oxo cubes have been dissolved, or, better still, concentrated vegetable water—rice, the carrot, a pinch of salt, a dessert-spoonful of sugar, and the garlic (one very small slice); allow to simmer for three-quarters of an hour, then strain off, re-heat, and serve.

Note: Vegetable stock is simply the water in which any vegetable has been boiled, added to as each fresh vegetable is cooked, and a supply should always be kept in the house as a substitute for the pre-war meat stock. As for the garlic, many people in England will not tolerate it in their dishes, so it may be omitted from this recipe.

AGNEAU AUX FEUILLES DE BETTERAVES.

2 cupfuls of cubed mutton or lamb.	1 lb. beetroot leaves.	
1 onion.	1 dessert spoonful margarine.	Salt.

Fry the chopped-up onion until nicely browned, and add the meat. Leave to simmer on a low fire. Meanwhile, wash thoroughly in several series of clean water the beet leaves (strip off the stalks as they are apt to be hard); put them into boiling salted water and leave them for ten minutes. Strain off, keeping back two cupfuls of the water. Arrange the meat on a fireproof dish, cover it with the beet leaves, pour over the two cupfuls of stock and leave in a medium oven for half an hour.

Note: A good tip for straining green vegetables which retain water easily is to put them in a dry frying-pan for a few minutes over a high flame, which draws the liquid off rapidly with the added advantage of keeping the vegetable hot.

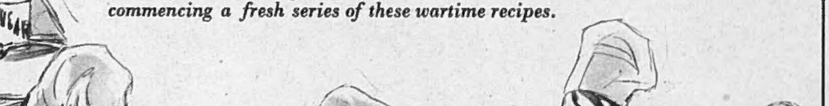
GATEAU AUX HARICOTS BLANCS.

½ lb. haricot beans.	2 dessertspoonfuls margarine.	2 eggs.
1 tablespoonful coffee.	1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs.	4 oz. sugar.

Boil the haricot beans and when soft pass them through a fine sieve; add the yolks of the eggs, the sugar, and the margarine. When these ingredients are thoroughly well mixed add the coffee (it must be strong), the breadcrumbs, and the whites of the eggs stiffly beaten. Cook in a medium oven for one hour.

This cake, if well made, should be quite light, and may be served plain or with a coating of coffee or chocolate icing.

In response to many requests, we are this week commencing a fresh series of these wartime recipes.



FROM THE CHEF'S SCRAP-BOOK: A WARTIME MENU.

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

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"ADMIRAL TOM THUMB" PHILLIPS, COMMANDER OF THE EASTERN FLEET.

About a week before Japan's unheralded attacks on the American Pacific air-bases, REAR-ADMIRAL SIR TOM SPENCER VAUGHAN PHILLIPS, K.C.B., R.N., *was given the appointment of Commander-in-Chief the Eastern Fleet, with the acting rank of Admiral. He was one of three naval officers recently in the news as having been given new sea-going and secret commands from shore jobs. He was Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff. This new post ranks in importance with the Home and Mediterranean Fleets, and is a development of the Navy's old China Station. The new 5 ft. 4 in. C.-in-C. is known as " Admiral Tom Thumb," and is fifty-three. In 1919 he married Gladys Metcalfe, daughter of the late Captain F. H. Griffith-Griffin, D.C.L.I., and has one son.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"SERGEANT YORK" (Warners) would appear, at first sight, to be the sort of war-film that is generally made several years after the end of a war. In its restraint, its sincerity, and its careful avoidance of hysteria and jingoism it belongs to the class of "The Big Parade," "Journey's End," and "All Quiet on the Western Front," rather than to the vituperative melodramas of 1914-18, like

MERLE OBERON *stars in the name-part of the new Korda film "Lydia" (Odeon, December 29). Frivolous Boston socialite, Lydia has a flair for falling in love, a marvellous Edwardian wardrobe, and lives in a fine replica of a Boston house of that period. In 1897 she is horrified to find that in Bob* (GEORGE REEVES) *she nearly married a man of low character.*

"The Beast of Berlin." But, when you come to examine it, there is a subtle difference from the great war-films of the post-war era, which were strongly pacifist in tone, and threw a cold, revealing light on the whole business of sending out men in herds to kill other men. "Sergeant York" makes a good case for the pacifists—up to a point. It is very careful to balance the scales for a time between a man's personal beliefs and his responsibility to his country. It doesn't attempt to glorify war or to conceal the horrors of war. But there is not the smallest doubt about its final moral—that there are times when it is a man's duty to go out and fight for freedom.

"Sergeant York" is a true story about the last war, adapted to the interests of America's national defence in this one. It concerns us only as onlookers, for the events it describes, the type of life and the hard backwoods youth that produced the hero of the tale are purely American in tone. The scenes of Army life in France, the trench warfare, and the amazing episode in the Argonne which forms the climax to the film are, of course, familiar to others besides the Americans who were fighting there. But it is the specifically American scenes of the first half, the early tough adventures in the mountains of Tennessee, which are the real key to the evolution of Sergeant York and explain why it was possible for the rumour to pass along the lines in France: "A guy name of York has taken the Kaiser single-handed."

Alvin C. York, a living man who has refused for years to make capital out of his exploits as a soldier, and only now has agreed to the picturisation of his life, in the interests of national defence, was America's Number One soldier hero of the last war. Brought up in a poor Tennessee mountain community, he earned a bare living by rock-lifting and stump-clearing, trained his trigger-finger at turkey shoots, grew hard and rangy on fresh air, tough work and corn liquor. Being a man of simple but deep convictions—for a time he "got" religion badly—he was against war, "'Cause war's killin', and the Book's agin killin'." Called up as a soldier in 1916, he applied for exemption as a conscientious objector, but was finally convinced, from the examples of American history and his own reflection, that war is sometimes justified in the cause of freedom.

As a corporal, he went to France with his division, and in October 1918, was detailed with his sergeant and fifteen others to silence a hillful of German machine-gun nests that were holding up the American advance. A burst of machine-gun fire killed the sergeant, wiped out half of York's companions. York, as cool as though he were shooting turkeys in Tennessee, thereupon picked off twenty German gunners single-handed. It was enough to persuade the whole 35-gun salient to surrender. York and seven survivors marched the prisoners back to the lines, rounding up more Germans on the way—in all 132 of them.

This exploit became legend in the American Army. When Sergeant York went home at the end of the war, he found himself a national hero. He was decorated, fêted, lionised, and offered all sorts of contracts, but steadfastly refused to make any capital out of his popularity. "Uncle Sam's uniform, it's not for sale," was his famous dictum. All he wanted was to get back to his family and his sweetheart in Tennessee and settle down quietly as a farmer. And the story, unlike many real-life stories, has a happy ending.

The film, which is very long—over two hours—follows the York career in the closest detail. It bears the stamp of a documented, authentic biography—which tends to make it, towards the end, a little top-heavy. There is a certain danger, which often happens to heroes in real life, of the final scenes of triumph resolving themselves into a series of anti-climaxes. Drastic cutting here, I fancy, would have improved the picture.

"SUSPICION" (Odeon) is the sort of psychological thriller that Alfred Hitchcock does best, and likes best to do. It marks the achievement of one of the chubby director's most long-standing ambitions—to

After running lightly through two other affaires with handsome young men, Lydia finds that Richard (ALAN MARSHAL) *is the man for her. The lovers have a romantic-looking attic rendezvous.*

make a film out of a Francis Iles story. It is years now since "Hitch" first told me that he wanted to screen "Malice Aforethought." Periodically, between pictures, he comes back to the idea. The Iles mixture of suburban respectability and chilling horror has a natural fascination for a man who gets his best effects by paradox, a man who once declared that, if ever he made a Technicolor film, it would inevitably show blood on daisies. The cherubic, kindly, generous, spine-chilling "Hitch," whose hobbies are music and tales of murder, is a paradox himself.

"Suspicion" is not, after all, from "Malice Aforethought," but from another Francis Iles story, "Before the Fact." That seems to me an odd choice, since "Before the Fact" builds up to a tragic climax of the kind that is traditionally "not done" on the screen. Hitchcock, whether by choice or by *force majeure*, has changed the climax. The result may please the romantically-minded, but it is a very moot point whether it improves the quality of the picture.

Let's see what happens. "Suspicion" is about a modest, unsophisticated young girl, Lina (Joan Fontaine), who is swept off her feet by the charms of a handsome stranger, Johnnie (Cary Grant), and marries him after a whirlwind courtship. She knows, before the wedding,

But Richard must go to the war. Lydia waits, hopes, and, in her loneliness, turns to the care of blind children. Richard has promised to return to her, and how that promise is kept is the climax of the film. "Lydia" was directed by Julien ("Pépé le Moko") Duvivier.

that he is a philanderer. She learns, on their return from the honeymoon, that he is also penniless and deep in debt. His tenderness, his specious little stories, get round her for a time, but gradually she finds out that he is also a liar, a cheat, and an embezzler.

Johnnie has a rich, stupid, good-hearted friend Beaky (Nigel Bruce), whom he interests in a real-estate deal. Beaky dies suddenly under peculiar circumstances in Paris, at a time when Johnnie is mysteriously absent from home. A new and terrible suspicion comes to Lina that her husband has murdered his friend for his money. Little by little the suspicion grows. A worse one follows. Johnnie, Lina feels, is going to murder *her*. She finds a letter from an insurance firm, announcing that they cannot lend him money on his wife's policies except in the event of her death. Panic-stricken at last, she sees a threat in everything he says, everything he does, the way he watches her, the way he touches her hand. She knows he is going to kill her. The question is, how? And then she discovers that he is interesting himself in poisons, asking questions about poisons, and particularly a poison that will leave no trace behind. One night she learns from a novelist friend that Johnnie has found the perfect, traceless poison. And that very night he brings her a glass of milk.

This is the climax of the whole macabre drama. Everything that has happened so far has been building up to this moment. Every known trait in the man's character points to the fact that the milk is the agent of murder, a murder coolly and cunningly planned, a sequel to that other Paris murder. In the book, the woman drinks the milk and dies, knowing that she has lost her husband's love, and not having the strength to fight the terror any longer. But what happens in the film? She leaves the milk. She tries to run away; her Johnnie saves her from leaping over a cliff; he explains, bless his heart, that everything is just a big, bad misunderstanding. He was trying to poison himself, that 's all he

Not the least of "Candy" Johnson's efforts to make a good living is the roulette board. After Elizabeth has refused to be a wife to him, he walks out on her, and becomes a crooked power in the government of Yellow Creek.

was doing. . . . Forgiveness. Soft music. Happy fade-out. After all the care that has gone into the earlier scenes, the mounting suspense, the shrewd strokes of character-drawing, this seems to me a pretty futile end.

Fascinating Miss Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland's sister, has not such a glowing part to play here as she had in Hitchcock's "Rebecca"; but what a gracious performer she is, what a delight to look at and to listen to! She reminds me very much of an old-time favourite of mine, Karen Morley, although there are odd flashes of her celebrated sister as well.

If you prefer the more rounded type of beauty, there is Gene Tierney in "SUNDOWN," at the Gaumont. Miss Tierney is a comparative newcomer to films, but she is going to be talked about a lot—and looked at. Except for one brief scene at the end of the film, when she appears in a bombed London church in a dark, tailored suit, Miss Tierney wears Arab costume all through "Sundown." Rather fancy Arab costume, I should have said, for a girl who spends so much time amongst camels in the desert, and a pretty extensive wardrobe; but then, she is a trader and obviously has unique opportunities for replacement. Her name is Zia, and from the opening of the film you realise that she is a Mysterious Figure. Reputedly a half-caste, with a native merchant for a father, and a French mother, she is landed in the desert from a lone aeroplane, and makes her way with a small caravan to a British outpost near the Abyssinian border. She arrives, it should be noted, at a critical moment, when the British Commissioner (Bruce Cabot), the Governor's *aide* from Nairobi (George Sanders), and the local captain (Reginald Gardiner) are investigating the smuggling of German guns, in camel-packs, to the natives. An Italian prisoner-of-war (Joseph Calleia), a cosy, friendly Italian, by the way, warns the British that revolt is going to sweep through Africa, that the gun-running is only the beginning of a major plan, vague, but "geo-political," for the establishment of a German world order. There are six white men at the outpost, besides Zia. One of them, it seems, is the German agent. Which of them?

I must admit that I put my money on the wrong man, and felt distinctly sold when he turned out to be no traitor—in fact, the son of a bishop. Of course, I suspected all the time—and so will you—that Zia was a British agent from Nairobi, and not, of course, a half-caste. That makes

CLARK GABLE *and* LANA TURNER *are the chiefs of "Honky Tonk" (Empire). Gable plays "Candy" Johnson, slick confidence man with a gift of the gab, who squirms and fights his way out of tense situations. Lana is Elizabeth Cotton, judge's daughter, whom he meets, and she marries him by a trick, though he is hardly a "marrying" man.*

it correct, you see, for her to marry the Commissioner, after the pair have been shot at, captured, imprisoned in a desert stronghold, and saved by the rest of the British disguised as camel-drivers. The marriage takes place in London in a bombed cathedral, the aforementioned bishop, father of the ex-suspect, officiating. You don't see the wedding, but you do hear Bishop Hardwicke's Sunday address from the pulpit. Hands clasped, mild face careworn, he uplifts the congregation with his soldier son's last message, the bridal pair, their deadly mission over, showing deep but controlled emotion in the cathedral's front pew.

I can't pretend to any very marked belief in the plot of "Sundown," but it is always nice to look at Miss Gene Tierney, and some of the eerie night scenes in the desert are stunning. That fight among the rocks, for instance, with the villain using a machine-gun and tracer bullets—the hushed stillness that precedes the attack on the Commissioner's hut—the rumours of death running over the native grape-vine—these scenes have the real taut quality of drama. Right up to the last, until the film took on an ecclesiastical note, I thought "Sundown" was bunkum, but good bunkum. I was prepared to send all my very young friends to see it, promising them excitement. Why, oh why, did they let the Bishop loose in such a jolly, uninhibited film?

"HONKY TONK" (Empire) is just a Western, but with Lana Turner and Clark Gable in it, naturally a super-Western. It is primarily designed, I suppose, to provide Mr. Gable with one of the tough, gambling, he-man parts he does so well, and to get Miss Turner away from show-girl rôles, and into leg-o'-mutton sleeves and the easier grades of big-time emotional acting. Miss Turner, as a nicely-nurtured young lady from Boston, goes West to her father in a frontier town in the days when saloons were saloons and "con." men were really "con." men. Demure, but no frump, she catches the eye of the most successful "con." man (Clark Gable), and when she feels herself slipping, gets him drunk and marries him.

Elizabeth's father, Judge Cotton, furious at his daughter's low marriage, denounces "Candy's" crooked methods. He is shot dead by "Candy's" friend Brasos, who in turn is killed by "Candy" himself, which brings Elizabeth to heel, and both to happiness.

W.P.B. HARVEST — FROM PALACE, SCHOOL AND CINEMA.

Get a load of this! PLAZA GIRLS *bring out old files, papers, programmes, and back numbers for the new waste-paper drive.*

BUCKINGHAM PALACE *waste-paper baskets send a full quota: one of the King's footmen empties a load into the salvage sacks.*

LONDON CINEMA USHERETTES *heave-ho for the waste-paper drive, and bring out stacks of files and old papers.*

How to tie up your old newspapers: a lesson from a London girl with a tidy mind.

LONDON'S great WASTE-PAPER DRIVE has been going on well, with a fine harvest-home as the result of the great comb-out of old cupboards in private houses and flats as well as in business premises. Buckingham Palace sent its full quota, for the King has given orders that not a scrap of paper may be wasted, and that the contents of every palace w.p.b. must be carefully emptied into the special salvage sacks. Collections have been organised in schools, and the Mayor of Paddington gave a shield to the Paddington school which garnered the largest harvest. The presentation was made after thirty boys and girls had been entertained to tea at the Town Hall. Now the good work has begun, it must go on, and every bit of waste paper be collected to make into essential munitions of war.

Salvage-gathering Shield: the MAYOR OF PADDINGTON *hands the trophy to pupils of St. Stephen's, Westbourne Park Road, as the reward for their bumper collection.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE CHIEFS OF THE WOMEN'S SERVICES, for leading the women of Great Britain and the Free French Forces at a time when never before has so much been expected of so many of them.

MRS. VERA LAUGHTON MATHEWS, M.B.E., *is Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service, holding a rank equivalent to that of a Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy.*

AIR COMMANDANT KATHERINE JANE TREFUSIS FORBES *is head of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force.*

CHIEF CONTROLLER JEAN KNOX *is head of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, and holds rank corresponding with that of a General.*

CAPITAINE TERRÉ *is the new head of the Volontaires Françaises, the women's branch of the Free French Forces, originally called the Corps Feminin under Mme. Mathieu (now entrusted with a special mission by General de Gaulle).*

NEVER, before the introduction of the conscription of women for the first time in history, has the spotlight been thrown so strongly on the sex in general and their part in a war. They actually work with the men; their officers hold commissioned rank. They direct the guns without actually firing them, and the schedule of trades includes interesting and absorbing occupations which never before did any Englishman contemplate for a moment that his mother, wife, sister or daughter would be capable or willing to undertake! And so eyes turn to the leaders who control the welfare and direct the technical skill of this army of women. MRS. VERA LAUGHTON MATHEWS was appointed head of the W.R.N.S. in 1939. When the 1914 war broke out she was a society journalist, but gave this up and went in for a W.R.N.S. officers' training course, reaching in six months the rank equivalent to a Lt.-Commander. CHIEF CONTROLLER JEAN KNOX is the wife of a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F. She joined the A.T.S. before the war, was appointed Inspector last March, and became its head in June last. AIR COMMANDANT KATHERINE JANE TREFUSIS FORBES left school at sixteen to do something in the last war. Her work included driving ambulances and Land Army lorries, besides serving food and washing-up in canteens. She was in the "real estate" business in 1934, and in 1935 helped Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan and Lady Trenchard in the women's war emergency services. She became chief instructor of the first officers' training unit and later joined the W.A.A.F. CAPITAINE TERRÉ, head of the Volontaires Françaises, was a publisher in Paris. At the beginning of the war she joined the French Ambulance Section and was awarded the Croix de Guerre for her courageous behaviour during the German invasion of Belgium.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON, BASSANO, AND FAYER.

SEC.-LIEUT. RICHARD GREENE, *who came back from Hollywood to join up, will shortly marry* MISS PATRICIA MEDINA, *whom he met "on the set" at Denham.*

The PRINCESS ROYAL, *when visiting a hospital, chatted with an R.A.F. patient. He has had a funny laughing face painted on the plaster which encases his injured foot.*

Left: MISS ELIZABETH GREVILLE BELL, *daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Greville Bell, is to marry Captain W. S. B. Gunn, R.A., second son of Mr. Somerville Gunn, on December 20. The Bishop of Salisbury will officiate.*

The King of the Belgians married MDLLE. M. L. BAELS *on September 11. She will be known as* PRINCESS DE RETHY. *She is here seen with* PRINCE BAUDOUIN.

AIRCRAFTWOMAN JANET W. ATTLEE *is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Attlee, Lord Privy Seal. She recently joined the W.A.A.F.*

These nurses of St. Thomas's Hospital ar joyous. They were photographed rehearsin recall Florence Nightingal

BRIDE OF A CAPTIVE KING, SERVICE WEDDINGS

After their wedding at Beaulieu Abbey, LIEUT. A. P. BARRY, M.B.E., *and* MISS MURIEL L. HOLDER *rode in the tiny train which carried the late King George at the Wembley Exhibition.*

The marriage of the HON. CHARLES MCLAREN, *son and heir of Lord Aberconway, to* MISS DEIRDRE KNEWSTUB, *daughter of Mr. John Knewstub, took place at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.*

Right: SUBALTERN GILLIAN DEARMER, A.T.S., *daughter of the late Rev. Canon Percy Dearmer, married Sub-Lieut. R. G. Addis, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., son of Sir Charles Addis, at Westminster Abbey.*

determined to do their bit to make Yuletide their Christmas carols. They hold lamps to Lady of the Lamp.

MISS MOYNA ("MUFFET") VAWSER, *daughter of Captain A. E. Vawser, R.A.M.C., recently married Lieut. R. G. Greene, Royal Norfolk Regiment.*

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *(r.) visited the Ministry of Information and spoke on her tour of America. She is seen with* MISS KATHLEEN HARRIMAN, *daughter of Mr. Averell Harriman.*

A ROYAL VISIT, AND SINGING NURSES.

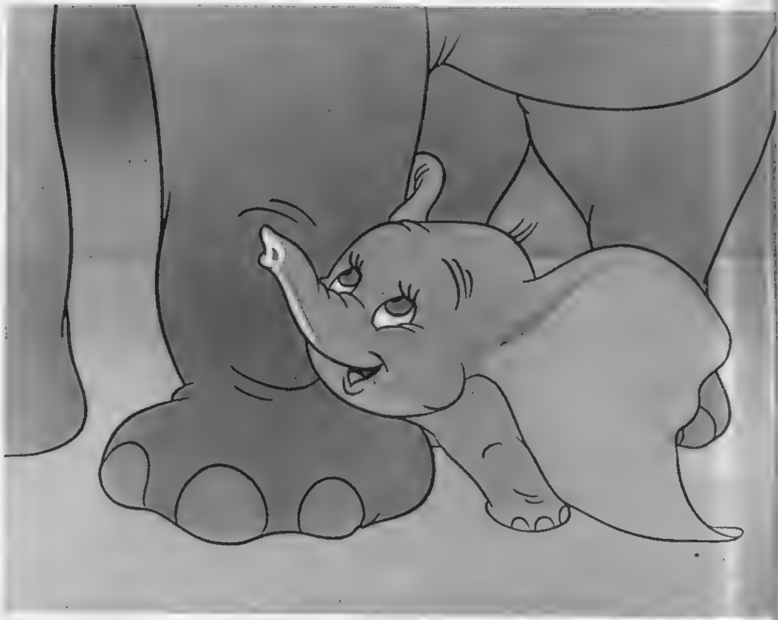
DISNEY'S NEW STORY OF THE SAWDUST AND HOW HE ROSE

Not a new trapeze act, but what happens when an ELEPHANT PYRAMID ACT LOSES ITS BALANCE!

"DUMBO OF THE CIRCUS," due at the New Gallery on December 21, is Walt Disney's latest masterpiece, a full-length feature Silly Symphony picture introducing a host of new characters, headed by the enchanting Dumbo, the awkward "ugly duckling" elephant whose flapping ears upset the whole circus, and reduce him to the shameful level of the Clown Act, a terrible affair for an aristocratic pachyderm! Dumbo is unhappy, and his relatives are disgusted. His life is a burden, and his only joy lies in his friendship with Timothy Mouse, his constant and highly amusing companion; but, all the same, a great future awaits him.

Right: DUMBO, *the new Walt Disney hero, is enjoying a bath, with his ears flapping outside the tub.*

DUMBO *coyly doing a little tight-rope walking on the telegraph wires: a charming sequence of the hero's antics.*

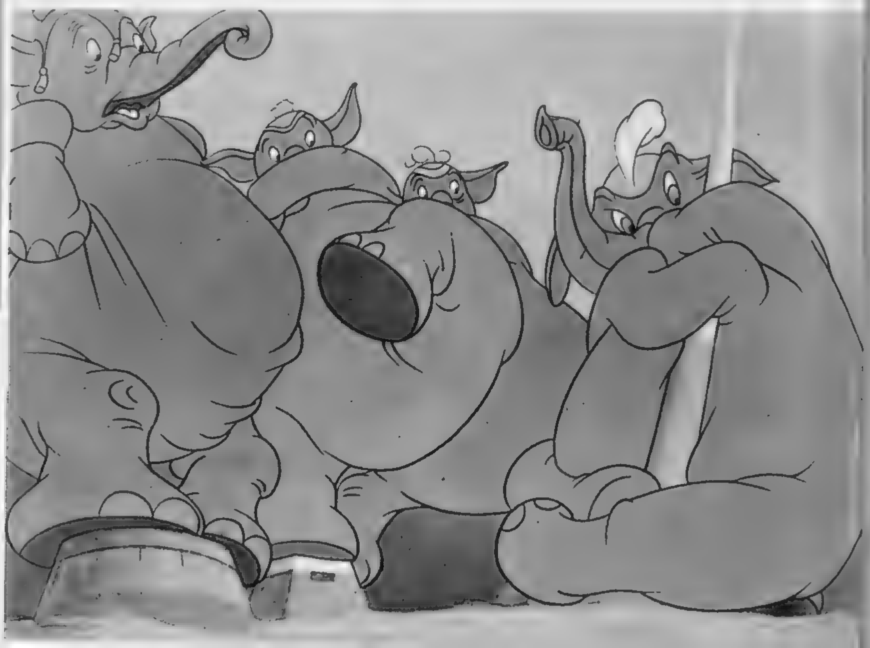


"I'M ALL EARS, MOTHER," *says the little Dumbo, for his ears are his big handicap—until the day of his wonderful discovery.*

Dumbo's ears caused him humiliation, for it's the end when an elephant has to work in the clown act, but TIMOTHY MOUSE *helped him to smile.*

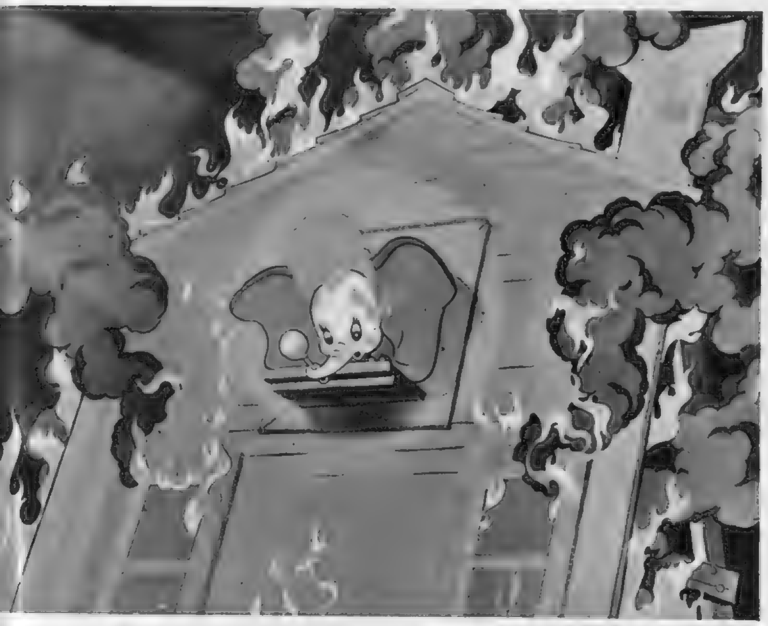
Right: THE STAMPEDE! *Ever since the beginning, elephants have been scared of mice. These big beasts have caught sight of Timothy!*

N.B. Colour plate inserted in this issue.

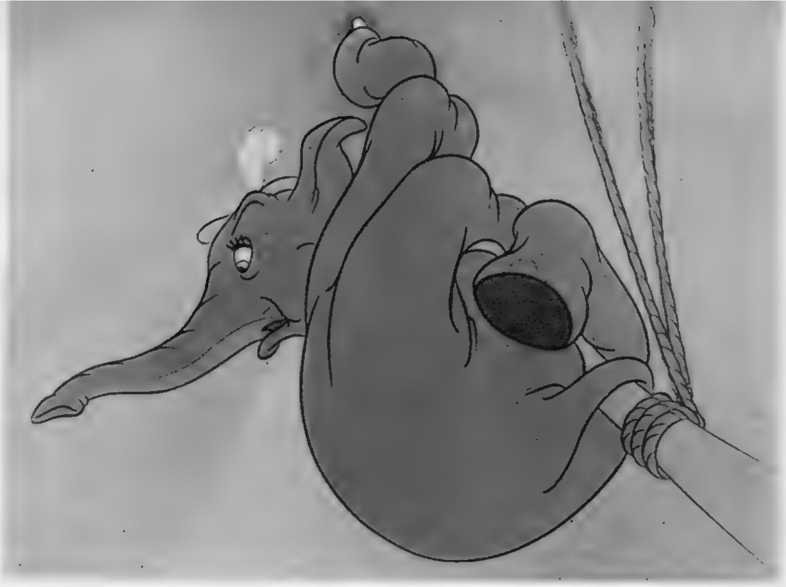


NG : DUMBO, THE AWKWARD ELEPHANT, FAME AND FORTUNE.

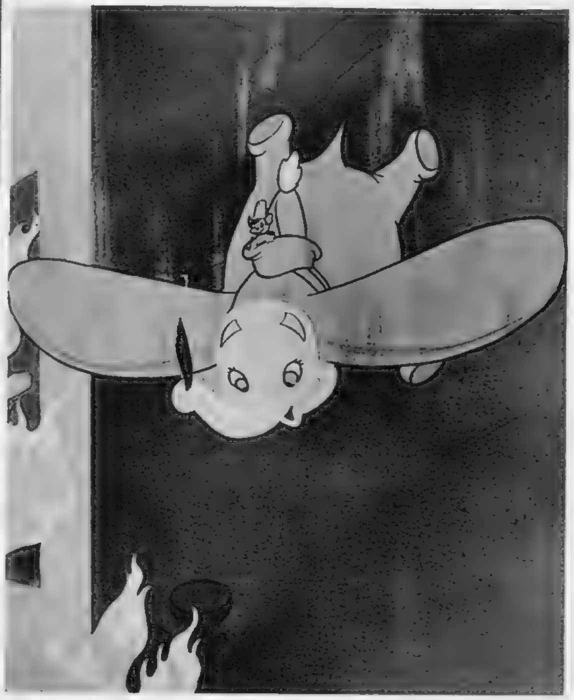
An elephant goes to roost! DUMBO *and* TIMOTHY MOUSE *finish up asleep in the trees.*



DUMBO, *the butt of the circus, is here spotlighted in as daring an act as ever occurred in the "big top."*

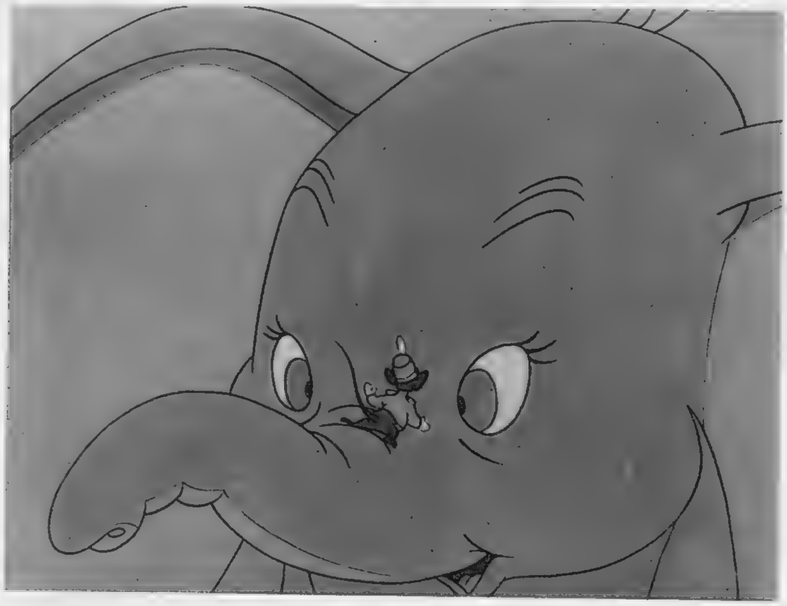


And this is TIMOTHY MOUSE'S EYE-VIEW OF AN ELEPHANT SHINNING UP A TENT-POLE.



DUMBO is scorned in his youth, but eventually gains fame and fortune, yet he remains unspoilt. The flapping ears which proved so great a handicap to the little elephant finally turn out to be his great gift, for by means of a magic feather and these vast ears he learns to fly through the air—the first winged pachyderm of the "big top"! Before Dumbo becomes a success, his timid ways are authentically those of a child who does not quite fit in. The Disney animator responsible for much of Dumbo's cuteness admits that he modelled the cartoon action largely after the real action of his own two-and-a-half-year-old son, so that's why the new Disney hero is so convincing and taking!

Left: The great discovery! DUMBO'S BIG EARS *make him famous, when he finds he can fly with them as well as if he were a "Hurricane"!*



The meeting of TIMOTHY MOUSE *and* DUMBO *is one of the big moments in the new "Dumbo of the Circus" Silly Symphony picture.*

Left: In about two minutes this OLD MATRIARCH ELEPHANT *will have five of her girl friends piled on her back to form a ponderous, pulsating pyramid of pachyderms!*

GIRLS OF THE ALLIED NATIONS IN RED CROSS CABARET.

Right: MISS TANA TICHA, *in Pistany dress, with* MISS HANA MORAVEC, *in Kyjov dress.*

MISS HANA MORAVEC, MISS TANA TICHA, *and* MISS TANA MORAVEC, *daughters of Czechoslovakian Government officials, rehearsing their dance from Smetana's "The Bartered Bride."*

ONE of the features of the CHRISTMAS FAIR and Loan Exhibition of the Allied Nations, in aid of the Red Cross, which was fixed to take place at the May Fair Hotel from December 11 to 14, consisted of daily cabaret programmes representing all that is most attractive in the characteristic songs, dances and music of the different Allied countries. Here are some rehearsal photographs of the Czechoslovakian, Belgian, Greek, and Dutch girls who took part.

Right: BELGIAN CHILDREN *and a* GROWN-UP DANCER *in "Les Gilles de Binches," a South American Inca number.*

Left: A Greek group in national costume: MISS PAPALEXOUPOULOS, MISS SAMOILYS, MRS. STEPHANITES, PETER DOUGHTY, *and* PAUL SPYROPOULOS *(l. to r.).*

Right: Two Dutch girls in national costume and head-dress: MISS MILU MEEUWSEN *and* MISS YUMA SASBURG, *who is appearing in a C. B. Cochran revue.*

JOAN FONTAINE *plays Lina McLaidlaw, heroine of "Suspicion," which opened at the Odeon on December 7. It will be noted that she has an excellent taste in periodicals!*

"SUSPICION"; WITH CARY GRANT AND JOAN FONTAINE.

"SUSPICION," R.K.O. Radio's romantic mystery at the Odeon, Leicester Square, is based on Francis Iles' novel "Before the Fact," and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The atmosphere of suspicion is skilfully built up. Heiress Lina has married charming Johnnie. She believes in him implicitly until she finds that he has embezzled money, and then a worse suspicion enters her mind. His rich, stupid friend Beaky dies in queer circumstances, and vague discomfort becomes panic certainty as the weeks go by. The climax comes when Johnnie brings her a glass of milk which she believes to be poisoned, but here the film departs from the original story and a surprise happy ending is engineered.

Lina, who has married the penniless, but charming fortune-hunter Johnnie, finds that he is reading nothing but books on murder, and feels slightly uncomfortable.

Another crime story! Lina is not altogether happy about the deep interest which Johnnie (CARY GRANT) *is taking in murder by means of poison.*

Lina's suspicion of her husband's part in the mysterious death of the stupid, wealthy Beaky begins to take definite form.

The sensitive Lina faints when she discovers that Johnnie has embezzled money. Beaky (NIGEL BRUCE) *is full of sympathy.*

The solicitous husband! Johnnie brings a glass of milk upstairs—but is he as solicitous and devoted as he seems?

Is the glass of milk a cup of poison—or merely what a devoted husband prescribes for a tired wife? A most dramatic moment in the film.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

DURING his literary career Mr. Osbert Sitwell has opened doors leading into many countries, many subjects, many lives. There is nothing deliberate or experimental about his versatility. Poet, satirist, critic, traveller, as well as novelist, he writes to satisfy his curiosity about life, and this curiosity is continually taking fresh forms for its expression. Like Alice, he is always in Wonderland; like her, he finds on the further side of door or looking-glass a world shining with strangeness.

The door that he here opens with such a fine gesture of courtesy (almost alone among modern writers he likes to keep in personal touch with his reader) is the door between the world of sense and the world of spirit; it is also, very frequently, a door into the past. A close-up seldom makes a picture; the meaning of an event grows clearer as it draws away from us. Especially is this true of the contemporary scene when

> the violent agitation, from end to end and from top to bottom of the background against which his [the creative artist's] figures are placed, renders the movements of these characters meaningless and unimportant.

Accordingly Mr. Sitwell puts the action of many of his stories into the past. But the past, to him, is not simply a measure of time: it represents, as it did to Proust, a living mood, the climate in which his creative gift most easily flourishes. In some of these stories the recovery of the past is an end in itself, and the characters are imagined almost for the sake of giving it life, just as in the pictures of Giorgione and the early Titian the figures are secondary to the romance of their environment. Divorced from actuality and bathed in a golden light, they express the painter's sense of beauty; and so Mr. Sitwell, whose feeling for beauty is akin to theirs, evokes in France or Italy or Switzerland or Cyprus scenes so charged with the sense of the past that his characters might seem to be incarnations of it.

Contrasts. But not always. Sensitive as Mr. Sitwell is to beauty in Art and Nature, he does not find it so inevitably in the lives of human beings; he is fascinated by their oddity, and the sometimes ridiculous discrepancy between their grotesque antics and their poetical surroundings. In fact, he often uses the two to point a contrast, as in "Primavera," where the loveliness of the Neapolitan spring, described in a passage of lyrical beauty, is sharply contrasted with the behaviour of the elderly Englishwoman who is feeling its effect for the first time. Conversely, in "True Lover's Knot," Carey's *grande passion* for the opera singer seems the more poignant for being described, in part, by the aitchless Miss Pomfret. In these stories Mr. Sitwell displays more sympathy with his characters, both those who seem to deserve it and those who do not, than has been his habit; but, as always, he reserves the right to torpedo them at any moment; until the last word is said they are never safe from looking silly under the flash of his wit.

Ridicule is one of the correctives that life applies to tragedy—a dangerous corrective for a writer to use, since it may easily spoil his effect. With Mr. Sitwell it succeeds because it never becomes a trick, and because he is too intelligent and too sensitive to employ it indiscriminately, or in such a way as to impair the emotional value of his story. After all, life is no respecter of persons or of moods; it often mocks at the one, and interrupts the other.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Ambassadors: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Marie Löhr; Phyllis Dare.

*Apollo: "DUCKS AND DRAKES." Duck farm comedy. Excellently acted by Lilian Braithwaite and Ronald Squire.

***Haymarket: "NO TIME FOR COMEDY." Triangular comedy, with wit. Diana Wynyard; Rex Harrison; Lilli Palmer.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical; actors mix with audience in gangster background. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Stanley Lupino; Sally Gray.

***Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

*Lyric: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

*Prince of Wales: "GLAMOUR SERENADE"—Gayest cavalcade.

***Prince's: "FUN AND GAMES." Just what its name implies. Sydney Howard; Arthur Riscoe; Vera Pearce; Richard Hearne.

**St. Martin's: "LOVE IN A MIST." Light comedy. Ann Todd; Richard Bird.

**Saville: "UP AND DOING." Revue. Leslie Henson; Binnie Hale; Cyril Ritchard; Stan Holloway; Carroll Gibbons and his band.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Victoria Palace: George Black's intimate rag, "BLACK VANITIES." Twice daily.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

*Windmill: Continuous revudeville.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

A Masterpiece. But though the literary convention that tragedy is an unbroken mood may be untrue to experience, it has produced some of the greatest works of art, and three of the best stories in "Open the Door" are also those that leave the bitterest taste. Of the three, "The Man Who Drove Strindberg Mad," though dazzlingly effective, is perhaps less well-balanced than the others because so much of the force and meaning of the story is concentrated in its sting. "Death of a God," in summarising the career of a country-house clock-winder, symbolises also the winding-up of an epoch: the episode which closes and crowns it, and which drives home, with incomparable force, the difference in spirit between the old world and the new, might have been conceived by D. H. Lawrence. And "Defeat," a study of France under the German occupation, is a masterpiece, one of the best short stories I ever read. In tone and treatment it is a new departure for the author, and it says much for the vigour and adaptability of his creative gift that he should be able thus to excel himself in an unfamiliar mode.

If this is his grimmest story, "The Glow-worm" is his gayest—a characteristic Sitwellian fantasy so irresponsible and funny and lighthearted that one can hardly believe it comes from the same pen. Seen through the eyes of one of the most fascinating literary personalities of our time, and iridescent from the contact, the follies of the age glitter like the halo which, in defiance of the black-out regulations, adorned Sebastian Corble's brow. Mr. Sitwell has never thought, as some short-story writers of to-day do, that art and entertainment are mutually exclusive; as witness the pains he takes to give his stories momentum and suspense, the unexpected angles he attacks them from, the special atmosphere, discernible in the first sentence, which he creates for each. And in "The Glow-worm," that delicious absurdity, his genius for entertainment is at its height.

Cross-Currents in a Seaside Town. "The Rich House" is such a many-sided book and so many themes and characters are interwoven in it that the general impression left is one of rich and kaleidoscopic confusion. A cross-section of life in a seaside town before the war, it is one of those uncommon books in which the young, the middle-aged and the old divide the interest between them, although the young, being either in love or in process of being made love to, have the greatest share of it. Differences between the generations, differences in social rank, do not create barriers; cats and kings mingle freely together. There are, of course, elements of discord in this predominantly happy family party. First, and most sensational, there is a poison-pen among them, a pen not dipped in gall, but—an original touch—in honey. The recipients of these anonymous letters are told how fortunate they are, how comfortable in their circumstances and how happy in the possession of So-and-so's love. Naturally, the victims are much disturbed; they feel that this vicarious boasting will bring them ill-luck—and in some cases it does. Miss Stella Gibbons, however, does not, I think, intend us to read a symbolical meaning into these evil communications; they imply spite on the part of the sender, not ill-will on the part of Destiny. People and their motives are what chiefly interest her; and one of her main problems is how to get the three young men whose hearts are fixed on Marjorie (a beautiful and superficially rather hard-boiled young actress) to bestow their attentions elsewhere. Particularly Eric; for Eric's diffident and dreamy nature, his habit of considering himself in the third person and a very ineffectual third person at that, and his five years of unrewarded amorous servitude before the story begins, are all serious handicaps in the lists of love; and his attempt to work off a little he-man stuff on the uninterested Marjorie ends in mortifying

[Continued overleaf.

"THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D.", *due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, shortly, is uproarious comedy. Steve* (JAMES CAGNEY) *has kidnapped Joan* (BETTE DAVIS) *on her father's orders, so as to prevent her marrying against his wishes, and had to make a forced landing amid cacti.*

"*The Bride Came C.O.D.": Pop* (HENRY DAVENPORT) *holds up Steve as a kidnapper, to the delight of Joan.*

BETTE DAVIS *as the distressed heroine of "The Bride Came C.O.D." She is trapped in an old mine tunnel.*

"A YANK IN THE R.A.F.", *the 20th Century-Fox film due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on December 22, is a reconstruction of the Battle of Britain.* TYRONE POWER *plays hero Tim Baker, who has here fallen into enemy hands after a forced landing returning from a raid on Berlin.*

"*A Yank in the R.A.F." contains thrilling sequences. A German officer is here holding up three British airmen who have had to come down in enemy territory.*

The evacuation from DUNKIRK *has been re-enacted for "A Yank in the R.A.F." This is a scene from the screen representation of the epic escape of the B.E.F.*

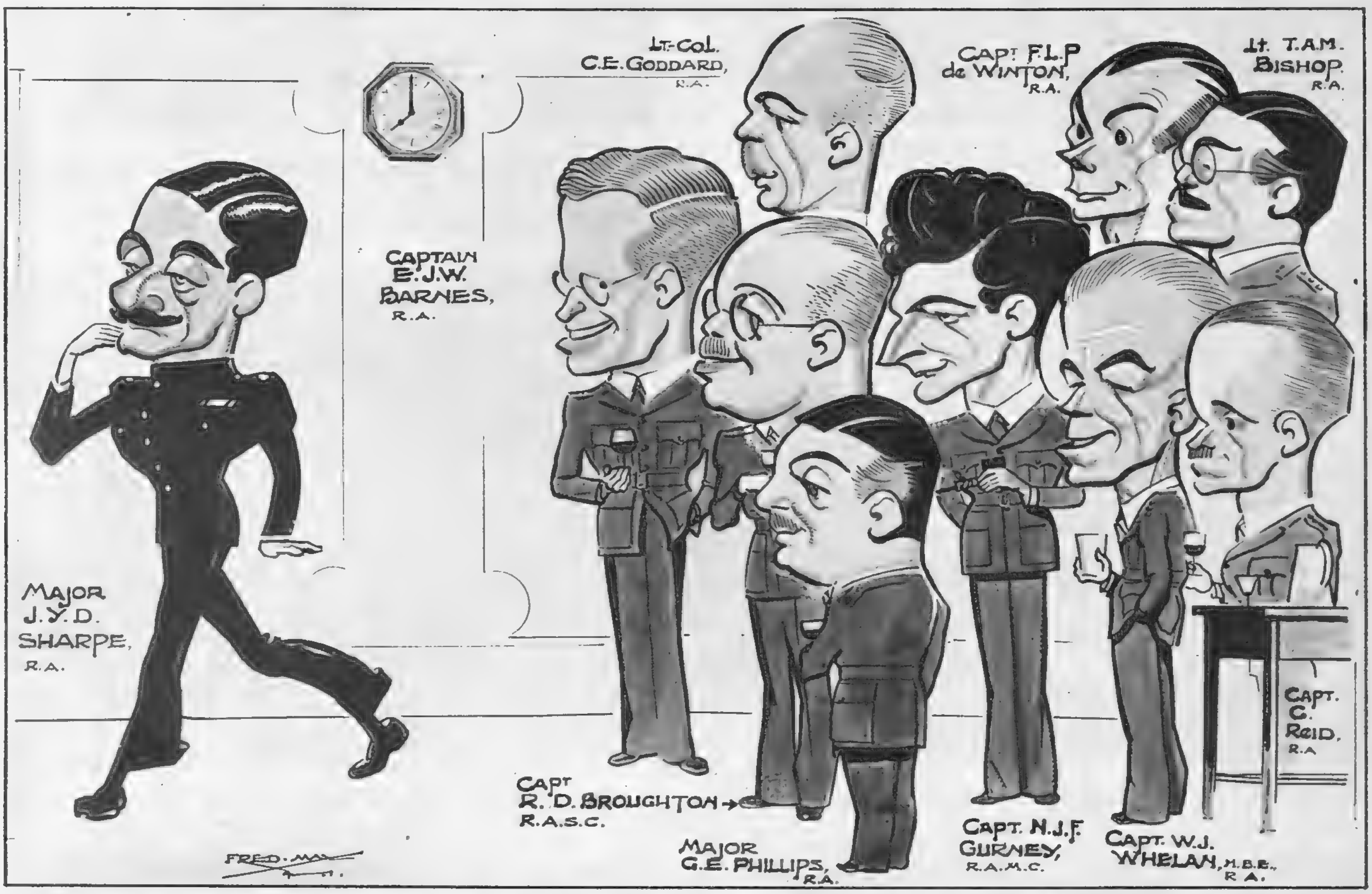
NEW FILMS—UPROARIOUS COMEDY AND STIRRING TRUTH.

Continued.]
failure. At the outset Ted, grandson of a once-famous actor now living on a diminished income and in comfortable disorder, moral and material, at the Rich House, seems another misfit; but there is fire of personality behind his fits of rudeness and sulks: we expect something of him and are not disappointed.

And there are many other characters as sharply individualised as these two, whose performance on Miss Gibbons's thickly-populated stage is a joy to watch. Among the minor figures, none is more entertaining than Miss Gaye of the half-finished sentences; Miss Gaye whose persecution of Pauline after the death of Mrs. Pask is another of those episodes which show that though Miss Gibbons's attitude to human nature is genial on the whole, she fully realises how nasty and dangerous it can be. Still, "The Rich House" can be called a happy book, as it is, by fits and starts, a very funny one. I liked the description of Mrs. Cunningham—

She had big, soft eyes of the colour known as Bedroom Brown (as opposed to the brown that is sparkling and cool) and her large, lovely face seemed to have no more bones than a petal.

Father and Daughter. The heroine of "Thursday's Child," however, is the younger sister, Ferris—the phenomenal child-actor who made the success Phœbe longed for and, making it, kept her head. She had something of her father's integrity of character, something of her sister's excess of temperament. Difficult as it is to believe that so young a child could stand up against the serried ranks of embattled filmdom—endure philosophically the jealous tantrums of the leading lady, refuse to change her commonplace surname to a more picturesque one, or allow publicity men to credit her with a totally apocryphal home-life, the author persuades us that this Joan of Arc of the cinema did exist, and did feel that her father's wishes were as important to her as fame and fortune. And the final conflict is made the more impressive because the occasion of it (Phœbe's lie) is so trivial and natural, and because the forces arrayed on either side are not exaggerated: Mr. Wilson is narrow and obstinate, but not a fanatic; the film world, though in most ways opposed to his idea of the good life, has not, in Ferris's case, exhibited any



This week our artist went "back to the Army again, boys"; in fact, to the A.-A. DIVISIONAL H.Q.—where, true to their regimental march (signature tune), "Blaze Away," they fire the ack-ack guns when necessary. (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

And her reference to the moth-eaten but indomitable actor—"No one pities an ageing cedar. It occurred to no one to pity Mr. Early"—how brilliantly descriptive that is.

Novels of Film Life. Many authors have written amusing stories about film life, but very few have tried to see it in terms of ordinary life. The opportunities it affords for exaggeration and burlesque are too much for them; and they end by producing a picture which may seem credible to those who know the film world at first hand, but which is apt to seem like the annals of a madhouse to those who do not.

It is Mr. Donald Macardle's triumph that he has brought this existence of glamorous unreality into close touch with a rather sober, not to say drab section of everyday life, and exercised so much skill and judgment that one can believe equally in them both, and sympathise almost equally with the daughter who thought that success would be heaven, and the father who thought it would be hell. The scales are slightly weighted against Phœbe, who was vain and selfish and untruthful, in favour of Mr. Wilson, who was none of these things, but a solid, serious-minded suburban chemist with a strong sense of the dignity of regular employment and a will of iron.

immoderate wickedness. Both in its detail and its main outlines, "Thursday's Child" is an absorbing and satisfying book.

A Psychological Thriller. "Dagger of the Mind" is sometimes absorbing but seldom satisfying, so far is this psychological American "thriller" removed from life even as detective story-writers know it. Several members of the colony of artists run by the sinister and amusing (nearly all the characters are amusing) P.C. Cooke, add their quota of personal experience to the tale; but in the main its events are unfolded through the drink-inflamed consciousness of a successful, if commercially-minded, painter. The reason why he took to drink has an important bearing on Mr. Fearing's story, which has its serious side; but drunk or sober, Christopher Bartel is not a very convincing character.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Open the Door. By Osbert Sitwell. (*Macmillan*; 7s. 6d.)
The Rich House. By Stella Gibbons. (*Longmans*; 7s. 6d.)
Thursday's Child. By Donald Macardle. (*Hodder and Stoughton*; 8s. 3d.)
Dagger of the Mind. By Kenneth Fearing. (*The Bodley Head*; 7s. 6d.)

The twenty-sixth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

MYSTERY WOMAN UNVEILS: GARBO IN "TWO-FACED WOMAN."

GRETA GARBO, *the aloof and mysterious, becomes a playgirl in her new picture,* "TWO-FACED WOMAN." *Director* GEORGE CUKOR *is having a final word with her before she gets into the bath for the swimming quarrelling sequence.*

And here GARBO, *her face wreathed in merry smiles, is joyously dancing a new rumba with* BOB ALTON.

GRETA GARBO, the aloof and mysterious star, gave her first screen smile in "Ninotchka." In her new picture, "TWO-FACED WOMAN," she has cast all mystery aside, and plays thoroughly human women—twin sisters, to be precise. She gives a lively performance as a playgirl, dancing the rumba, wrestling and quarrelling violently with her man, as well as exercising her powers of fascination. "Two-Faced Woman" has come in for a lot of criticism on account of its alleged "light view of marriage," and, after its presentation in New York, requests were made for cuts and alterations. Greta plays opposite to Melvyn Douglas as the husband of twin No. 1.

Right: GRETA, *before she plunges into the swimming-pool for the quarrel scene.*

DEANNA DURBIN *and* CHARLES LAUGHTON *take the floor as partners in the La Conga sequence of "It Started With Eve."*

YOU SHOULD SEE THEM DANCE THE CONGA!—DURBIN AND LAUGHTON.

Hands over head, and turn.

The kick. Hobble skirts are rather restraining.

LAUGHTON *enjoys himself in a very new rôle.*

DEANNA *leads* CHARLES *through a difficult step.*

And now, let's get down to it, con spirito!

"It Started With Eve" (Leicester Square Theatre) throws a fresh spotlight on the talents of CHARLES LAUGHTON and DEANNA DURBIN, whose earlier films (this is their first co-starring film) didn't give a hint of their dancing brilliance. The Conga was a new experience for tough-star Laughton, but singing-star Deanna is, they say, one of the most expert Conga dancers in Hollywood. Deanna plays a hat-check girl, and Charles a multi-millionaire who takes her to a New York night-club to find out whether or not she really loves his son, played by Robert Cummings. Her dancing of the Conga seems to settle the millionaire's mind for him.

BLACK MIRROR ICE FOR PERFECT REFLECTION.

In minutest detail, without blur or smudge, a sheet of black mirror ice reflects SONJA HENIE AND HER PARTNER *as they swirl and twirl in the new film "Sun Valley Serenade." This marvellous effect was not achieved without much headache on the set. Hundreds of gallons of black ink were frozen on the Sonja Henie rink at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, when in walked the electricians and condemned the miracle, for they said the reflection of every overhead lamp would show up in the ice beside Sonja Henie. So the drapery department, as Hollywood says, "got into a huddle," masking off the sixty-eight big arc-lamps, and then the light poured direct on to the surface of the ice, leaving nothing but the perfect reflection of Sonja and her partner.*

POOR LITTLE SHEILA.*

By LEONORA STARR.

THEY say a mother's love is apt to burn more warmly for a sick child, or a frail one, than for its more robust brothers and sisters. It may have been because Sheila was so ill with scarlet fever, as a child of five, that Mrs. Morgan always made more fuss of her than of Ursula, who was by far the sturdier of the twins.

They tell one, too, that "pity is akin to love." In Mrs. Morgan's case it seemed that love was akin to pity, for pity was what she meted out continually to Sheila, and in a fashion so tenderly cherishing that Ursula grew up almost envious of each small misfortune that befell her sister, so lavish was the ensuing outpouring of pitying love expended on her, in demonstrations such as never came the way of her twin.

Sheila's measles were regarded as a major calamity, but when Ursula had mumps she was, it seemed, lucky to have them while she was young. When Sheila, falling from the swing, grazed hand and elbow, an anti-tetanus injection was prescribed, and the invalid spent two days upon the sofa, plied with grapes and jellies, and being read to by the hour: when Ursula fell from her bicycle and cut her knee, a dab of disinfectant (smarting abominably) was deemed all that was necessary. Her rôle in life was, in her mother's eyes, to be the lucky one, the one who always fell on her feet, the one who didn't need the cosseting and cherishing and tenderness so needful for poor little Sheila.

The twins were nearly twenty when money troubles waxed, finances waned, until it was essential that one twin should bring a little grist into the family mill. Poor little Sheila must, of course, stay at home. She was her Mother's Girl, a Home Bird, Mrs. Morgan said. But poor little Sheila had other notions, and a determined will, and eventually it was she who found employment as receptionist at a fashionable beauty parlour, with a free hair-do once a week, and a facial about once a fortnight on a slack day. Her mother pitied her more tenderly than ever, and was continually contriving little treats for Sheila's supper, such as a grilled sole, or a plump young pigeon, or a peach. Sheila smiled wistfully as she ate them, and said it really was too angelic of Mummy, and that she felt awful to be eating *petit poussin* while Mummy and Ursie had macaroni cheese.

Meanwhile, Ursula stayed at home, changed Mrs. Morgan's books at Boots', and undertook the gardening formerly done by a man who came three days a week, and polished furniture for hours on end, because, said Mrs. Morgan, just because you had one maid instead of three, you mustn't lower any of your standards. She did the cooking, too, because her mother thought that when you were accustomed to an experienced cook, you didn't care so much for food prepared by a general servant. And she did her mother's washing, and her own, and Sheila's as well. Poor little Sheila had to have fresh cuffs and collars every day, and of course when the poor child came home at night she was too tired to see to anything like washing her silk stockings. You had to have silk stockings as a receptionist, she said, even though your legs were hidden all day by a desk. Ursula wore lisle. Dear little Sheila gave her a silk pair with only the tiniest ladder in them, where it scarcely showed, and she wore them on Sundays to go to church with Mrs. Morgan, leaving Sheila to rest in bed till lunchtime. Really, said their mother, it was wonderful how the poor child never grumbled, though one knew the wrench that it must be upon a Monday morning to leave the shelter of the Home Nest for another week of battling with the world!

The twins were twenty-one when Sheila met the brother of the girl who did the permanent waving, and fell in love with him. He was a farmer, tall and sunburnt and reliable, and he thought Sheila was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened. Presently they were married, and he carried Sheila off to Gloucestershire, whence she wrote rapturous accounts of Jersey calves and Wyandotte chickens and Henry's simply marvellous way with animals.

Now it was Ursula who had a job. Though it entailed no free beauty treatments, it brought in ten more weekly shillings to the family resources. Now there was no talk of the Home Nest. "The *fun* these modern girls had!" said Mrs. Morgan, yearning for poor little Sheila, buried in the depths of the country. Though she never grumbled—that wasn't Sheila's way—one knew how she must miss the chic, gay atmosphere of Milady, the fun and laughter, and above all the free hair-sets and facials. It was so hard upon the child, having got used to first-class beauty treatments, that her mother made a point of sending her the extra ten shillings every week, so that she might spend them on the little extras that meant so much to every girl, when she went with Henry to the neighbouring marketing town. It wouldn't be the same there as in Bond Street, naturally, but Sheila was a plucky child. Poor little hands, all unaccustomed as they were to doing housework—a manicure would help to keep their smooth, white softness. One hoped that before long Henry would be able to afford more than one young servant-girl.

At week-ends Ursula did the gardening, and polished furniture, and found time to bake the scones and shortbread that were necessary in keeping up Mrs. Morgan's standard of living, and to do her washing and her mother's. It was a help not having to do Sheila's any more.

After a year she married. Naturally, Mrs. Morgan was very much against it, for without Ursula's contribution she would find it hard to make ends meet—and what of Sheila's weekly allowance, pittance though it was?

Ursula and her Geoffrey talked it over, and agreed that by doing without a servant they could allow Mrs. Morgan nearly as much as Ursula had earned. She wouldn't have to feed Ursula now, of course.

And then for five years Ursula was supremely happy, cooking and washing and gardening and sewing and mending Geoffrey's socks, and knitting little things for Sheila's babies. There were two of them. Ursula's one grief was that she had none, and all the more so that she knew it was a grief to Geoffrey too.

Then the war came. Geoffrey, a reservist, disappeared to Norway, then to France, and then to Egypt. Ursula joined the A.F.S. in London, and did—but there's no need to write of that. We all know what the A.F.S. do . . .

Early in 1941 she told herself that she was getting nerves, and that she mustn't become fanciful about her health, or think that she was overtired. But soon her shadowed eyes and hollow cheeks were noticed, and it was discovered that she had a tired heart. Sick leave and rest was the prescription to be carried out.

She might have gone to Sheila's home in Gloucestershire, where Mrs. Morgan had betaken herself at the beginning of the war, but though she longed for country sounds and country peace, she longed still more to be at home in Hawthorns, the little house in a London suburb where she and Geoffrey had been happy, and among the things so dear from shared association.

When she had been there for two days she went out to post a letter to Geoffrey. But when she would have gone home again she couldn't: Hawthorns had gone—a bomb-crater had replaced it. How lucky, Ursula informed herself presently, that she had gone to post that letter!

Suddenly she felt more tired than ever. Suddenly she knew that she had sometimes wanted to be poor little Ursula, that she had often envied Sheila, and sometimes nearly hated her. Suddenly she wanted to be the cherished one, the pitied one, just for a little while—a very little while—to know what it was like. And now her turn had plainly come.

She wired to Sheila: might she go to Gloucestershire? Meanwhile, neighbours put her up; people she had known formerly by sight, who now seemed like old friends, so kind they were, and sorry.

A letter from her mother came next morning, and she opened it with hands that shook a little:

DARLING URSIE,

Sheila asks me to write as she is busy. She will be very glad to have you, and it will be particularly nice at present, as Nellie has gone home to nurse her mother, so poor Sheila has the babies on her hands, and will, I know, be glad to have your help with them. She says to ask if on your way through London you will try to get some oranges (as many as possible), sultanas (dear Henry does so miss his fruit cakes at tea!), dates, dried apricots, and dog biscuits. Not the very large ones, the little crumbly kind to soak in gravy. Shopping is such a problem here these days—we have to practically live on poultry and eggs and milk and butter.

I am especially pleased that you are coming now, as poor little Sheila is in need of cheering up. She has been very depressed lately. She feels so *out* of all that's going on, buried away here in the fields—at her age, too, when she should be enjoying life. And then the babies are a tie, preventing her from taking part in anything that's going on. Somehow you always were the one to be *in* things, if you know what I mean, and I am afraid she feels it, though she is very good and brave about it.

How fortunate that you had gone out when the bomb fell! But then I always *did* say you were the lucky one! . . .

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
Toast Your Friends... in
VAT 69
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT
69
REGISTERED
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND
Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY
'Quality Tells'

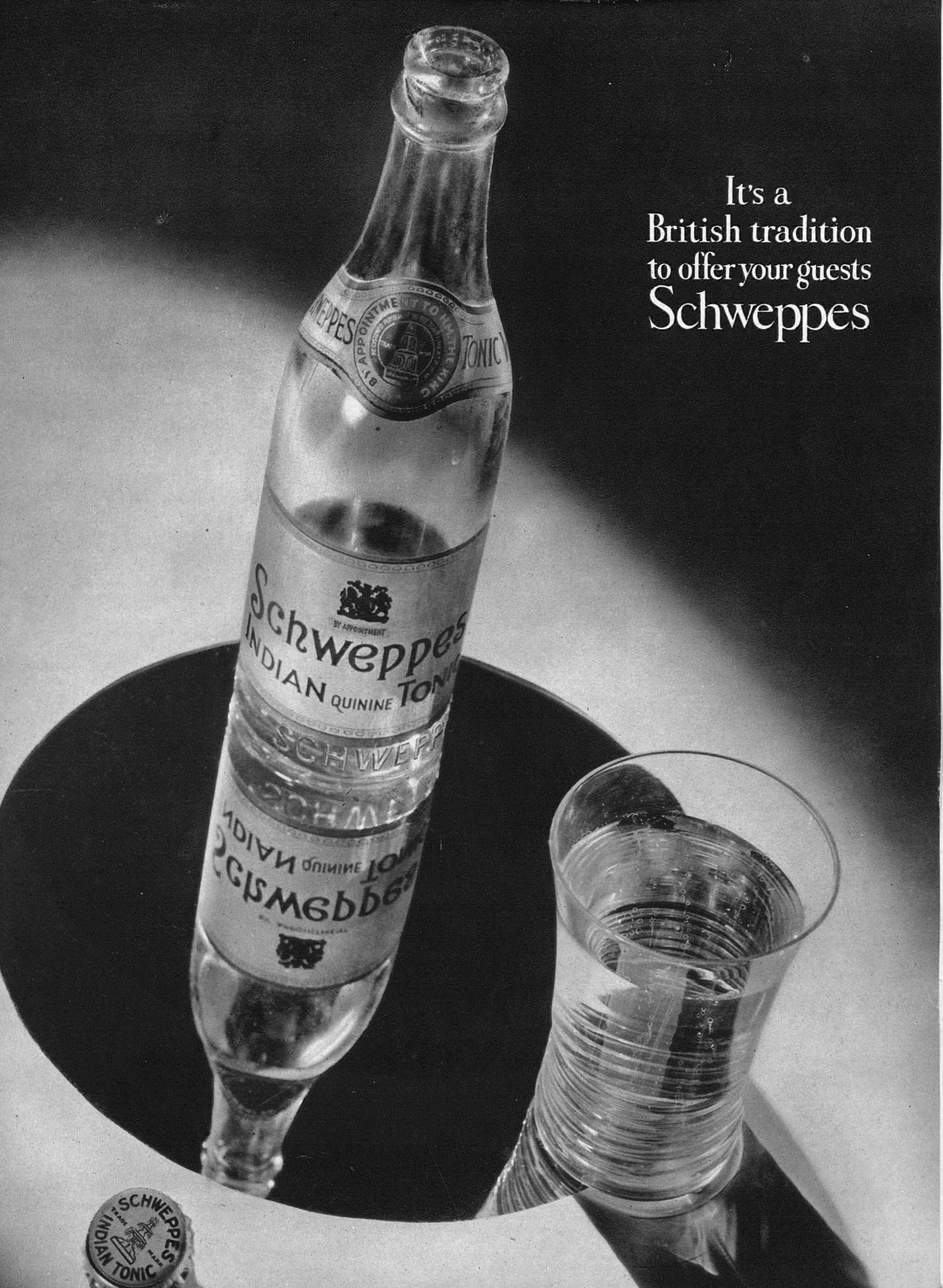
WOMEN IN WARTIME

FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

FASHIONS for little people are very important. They must, above everything, be simple and well cut. British Celanese Celanova and Cenella fabrics are excellent, as they wash and wear very well—they have been used for the frocks and suits above. These materials are sold practically everywhere, together with paper patterns.

NOT only for children but for grown-ups there are Celanese fabrics. As the quality is of the highest order of merit, coupons are saved, as the length of the life of garments made in these fabrics is well-nigh unending—a fact appreciated by women of discernment. They are sold by the yard as well as made up, and need practically no trimming.

LIBERTY (Regent Street) are making a feature of smocks and overalls, or, as they sometimes call them, "frock protectors." As a matter of fact, they are so well cut that no blouse or other accessory is needed. Above may be seen an overall carried out in a soft wool fabric which is delightfully warm and washes well. On the right is a smock, made of Golden Bird, a pure silk material. This is in cheerful colours. Neither must it be overlooked that there is an infinite variety of full-length overalls which are endowed with many of the characteristics of a frock. Here are likewise to be seen admirably tailored coats and skirts, carried out in tweed and similar fabrics in checks as well as plain.


It's a
British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes
Schweppes
BY APPOINTMENT
INDIAN QUININE
SCHWEPPES
INDIAN TONIC

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FAMOUS SMOKING-ROOM.

"AND glad I am to see you. Take this pew," and The Broker pushed an arm-chair nearer to the fire. "The cigarettes are on your right."

"Jolly nice of you to get us together," The Engineer appreciated. "It 's like being back in our old first-class carriage. Ah, thanks," and he took a cigarette. "It 's all right. I 've got a lighter."

"Haven't our old tobacco shares done us proud!" The Merchant colloquially exclaimed. "At one time I began to think that Imps. were a rabbit, and Bats. a tortoise. But now——"

"I followed Brokie's tip in the half-crown Carreras," The Engineer admitted. "And there is five bob a share profit on them. Think I ought to take it, Sir?"

"Why should you?" The Broker asked. "If you want the money, you might sell the shares; but if you don't, I should say keep them. And Imps. still pay you well by comparison with plenty of other things."

"You can stick to Imps. and Bats. and Carreras and Gallahers," said The City Editor sagely. "They 're good enough for most people, and——"

"My own idea," The Engineer interpolated, "was to sell sufficient of my holding as would leave the remainder to represent what I originally paid, and put the money—that is, the profit—into one of the war issues. Defence Threes, or National War Bonds, for choice."

"You 'd get less income."

The Engineer shrugged his shoulders. "The difference would be so small that I 'd hardly notice it," he maintained. "And then, you see, I should have the war stocks as a gilt-edged insurance against a possible drop in the Tobacco shares."

"Not to mention giving the national effort a bit of a leg-up."

"Oh, well, my effort would be very microscopic. I dare say that crowds of other people are doing the same kind of thing. It all helps to keep the flag flying."

"The plan is intriguing, and I must say," The Merchant admitted, "that it hadn't occurred to me. But if you sell, somebody else has to buy your stock, and the economists will tell you that your patriotic purpose is thereby defeated."

"That," said The Jobber, "is because the economists argue on pure theory. They are totally unaware of the bear account, for one thing. Then there are various practical considerations, which, if only they knew, demolish a good many of their wisecracks."

"You agree with me that my idea is good?"

"Of course I do. Good for you, and good for the country, too. To carry it out will help to shorten the war, won't it?"

"That was vaguely in my mind, and, as I say, lots of other people must be doing the same kind of thing. I claim no originality or patent for it."

"Prices don't go down to any extent," observed The Merchant, "so there must be plenty of support at the back of the markets."

"The speculative markets go up and down," The Broker replied, "but you can see for yourself that even if there 's a fall caused, say, by a disappointing dividend, the price is almost sure to recover before long."

"I 've noticed that; why is it?"

"Post-war prospects, plus present shortage of stock. Besides, we can now tell how E.P.T. works in the majority of cases, and so you have one element of uncertainty removed. People know how a company stands, and they don't mind waiting for better results."

"Why this rise in newspaper shares?" asked The City Editor. "It puzzles me."

"You 're about the last person to ask that," The Jobber protested. "You should be a very fountain-head of explanation——"

"Surely," said The Broker, "the answer is simple. Newspaper companies, like others, are settling-down to the effects of the war. Some of the recent reports have been very decent——"

"That 's more than——"

"And people realise the scope there is for post-war prosperity. The share prices had dropped to figures so silly that nobody would sell. A few buyers came in. They mopped up what oddments happened to be floating about. They tried to buy more, and couldn't. So up the prices had to go. See?"

"That 's it, I suppose," The City Editor agreed. "And other markets are reacting to similar conditions."

"Don't talk like a paragraph," The Broker admonished. "Say that the prices of stocks and shares in all our good companies are rising to a lower level of yield——"

"What a contradiction in terms!"

"Not a bit. The higher the prices go, the less yield must the shares pay, unless dividends are increased."

"Which isn't likely to happen in wartime, eh?"

"Many of the rubber companies have put up their dividends."

"I was thinking more of the Home industrials."

"Some few of them have raised their dividends lately. No; not many, of course, but their earnings show what the companies are capable of in peacetime."

"What I 'd like to see," The Engineer declared, "is a good old rise in mining shares."

"How about Libanon, Blyvoor and the other developing Kaffir mines? There must have been a tidy amount of business in them to make the prices jump, as they have done this year."

"Mostly Cape buying, my boy. No general British public interest. And the dividend-payers aren't popular. But you 've seen big rises in diamond shares. I begged you to buy De Beers and 'Casts,' you know. . . . What 's that? A Christmas card?"

The Merchant handed it over.

"Where do you get these?" asked The Broker. "Rather good, aren't they? I 've seen them in the House. That 's a sort of galleon, isn't it?"

The Christmas card opened, and showed spaces for War Savings stamps. On one side was Drake's famous prayer as he sailed into Cadiz to attack the enemy in 1587.

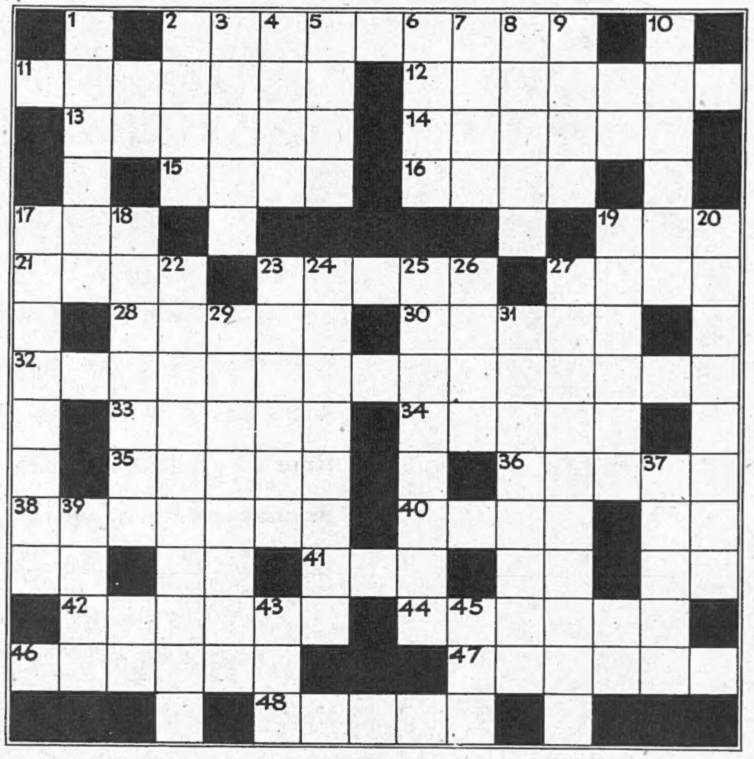
"The Post Office gives you the cards for nothing when you buy the stamps. I bought these to-day," and he produced a whole sheet of stamps. "Christmas presents," he added.

"I 'd like some of those," said The Broker, fumbling in his pockets. "How many have you got?"

"How much have you?" The Merchant invited.

Friday, Dec. 12, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)

ACROSS.

2. "Mercy, O cad!" (anag.; 9).
11. Not so thick (7).
12. Filled with wrath in the end (7).
13. Appertain (6) or take your time (2 and 4).
14. Accustomed (6).
15. Swirl (4).
16. Require (4).
17. Uncorking palindrome (3).
19. On foot this is dangerous (3).
21. She changes to have dinner (4).
23. Push on (5).
27. Vapour (4).
28. Moroccan port (5).
30. Awkward question (5).
32. "Do toil uncannily" (anag.; 15).
33. Common name of cinema (5).
34. Fish convertible into meat (5).
35. Amours may solve this problem (5).
36. Smith works here (5).
38. Dost worship? (7).
40. Turn to windward (4).
41. Animal that may turn vegetable (3).
42. Hen's comment on china egg? (6).
44. Upset her internally and they still go to pieces (6).
46. Sacred buildings (6).
47. Lets in (6).
48. Not long (5).

DOWN.

1. Country that may go white (6).
2. Northern valley (4).
3. Gnaw away! (5).
4. Repair (4).
5. Rotate the gyro for a binge (4).
6. Draw this to stop (4).
7. Dead queen (4).
8. Ruthless (5).
9. Invert a vehicle (4).
10. Asylum for 550 amid timber (6).
17. This bark doesn't bite (8).
18. Wind instrument (7).
19. Cropper (6).
20. Be unselfish (two words; 4, 4).
22. Deprived of scent (10).
23. Does it buzz? Yes, —— —— (two words; 2, 4).
24. Not necessarily her principal corset (8).
25. "It 's sleep" (anag.; 8).
26. Appear (4).
27. Military exploit (three words; 4, 2, 4).
29. In an odd manner (8).
31. "Fans fled" (anag.; 8).
37. Put through the mill (5).
39. This bell won't ring (4).
43. Four-footed fool (3).
45. Mine 's an expletive! (3).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, DECEMBER 3.

ACROSS.—7. Parachute. 8. Below. 10. Amends. 11. Respects. 12. Bangle. 13. Chestnut. 16. Rated. 18. Sir. 20. Ian. 22. Amble. 27. Interval. 28. Drowns. 29. Land-crab. 30. Billow. 31. Aches. 32. Legendary.

DOWN.—1. Oatmeal. 2. Carnage. 3. Chester. 4. Attract. 5. Repents. 6. Contour. 9. Asked. 14. Heel. 15. Nip. 17. Alma. 19. Cat. 20. Infancy. 21. Needles. 22. Avert. 23. Blubber. 24. Edibles. 25. Collide. 26. Indoors.

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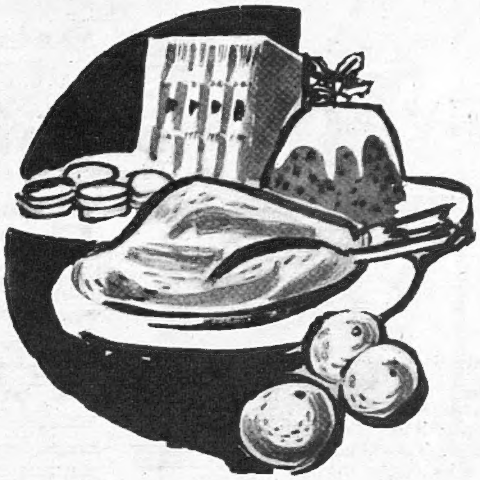

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